

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1915

I believe that my own greatest good is to be won through co-operation with others for those things which we desire. Therefore, whether I work or whether I play, I will enjoin my efforts with theirs, in groups that shall be large or small, transient or permanent, as the needs or custom may require. I shall work faithfully in small things as in great, for the public good, and to those of my fellowmen who contribute to my own welfare I will be faithful until death.

—De Garmo.

San Francisco Primaries

The primary vote in San Francisco appears to have been a surprise to all parties. Though Rolph secured a majority that effected his election under the California law, it was predicted by the supporters of Eugene Schmitz that he would receive such a majority. People who were quite familiar with San Francisco politics, while they did not believe that the primary would result in an election, predicted a plurality for Schmitz and his ultimate election over Rolph.

This prediction was based it was stated, on a desire for a "reopening" of the town, upon which a lid has been partially clapped within the last two years; that union labor, which is very strong in San Francisco, was solidly behind Schmitz. It was not contended that Rolph's administration had been a disappointment. He had fulfilled every pledge in even a greater measure than he had promised. It was admitted that San Francisco had never before been so well governed and so orderly.

It was stated, and it is undoubtedly true, that Rolph was elected two years ago because San Francisco at that time, in the midst of preparation for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, with millions of dollars to expend, realized that it must have a mayor of ability and the highest integrity and one who during the exposition would reflect credit upon the city. Rolph has been all this and has done all this. It would have been a strange thing if San Francisco by a decisive voice should reject a man of that kind, because integrity and ability are not so much needed as they were two years ago. Such a result of the San Francisco primaries would have been a deeper disgrace of San Francisco than the graft investigation disclosed and would have reflected upon the entire system of American city government.

If one has hired a servant for the performance of responsible and delicate duties, he may employ an inferior servant after those duties have been performed. It is not good business to employ a high-class man to do work which a cheaper and a low-class man can do, but he would be a very foolish citizen who could choose the low-class man instead of a high-class man when both could be secured at the same salary.

Show the Way

We think "Remlik" asks too much of statesmen when he demands of them a substitution for capital punishment. He thinks the end desired, security of human life, may be achieved in some better way. Perhaps, no doubt. But the main thing is not the way, but the end. It matters less how we come, just so we arrive. We prefer, of course, the more pleasant route, and that is for time and the reformers to find. Meanwhile, we must travel by the only reliable and well-marked road.

Reformers necessarily waste, or rather spend, a great deal of time in experimentation and deliberation. Often their time is not valuable, and it may as well be spent in that way as another. The time of statesmen is, or is supposed to be, valuable. The people pay for it per diem, or per annum. It ought not to be frittered away. Hence, statesmen cannot be reformers. It is their business only to apply reforms.

We may liken the reformer to the unskilled laborer who gets the raw material ready, and the statesman to the skilled artisan who fashions it into the useful article. But always there is a great deal of raw material rejected as unfit.

Of course, we do not like capital punishment. We detest calomel and castor oil. The sight of the surgeon in his white gown causes trepidation and his knife fills us with horror. We wish there were a better way than hanging people or putting them into jail. If "Remlik" has a better way in mind, let him tell the statesmen. His recipe will pass the censor without a smudge.

The Modern Battle

In all the records that men have kept since the beginning of time such things have not happened as the battle on the western front of the European war, and the events in Poland within the last three months. Descriptions of them have been only feebly attempted by feeble writers. The really strong writers have not essayed them. They better under-

stand the appalling immensity of the subject. It is said that no really powerful writer has ever entered upon a description of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, though the small fry in shoals have tried to do so.

So it has been with those great European battles, in comparison with which the conflicts of all earlier wars have been as the battles between the occupants of neighboring ant-hills.

We can picture to ourselves, but not put the picture in words what took place on the western front from last Thursday to Sunday. Along the hundreds of miles there was an incessant cannonading for sixty hours. It was as the roll of a great drum from the Swiss border to the coast of Flanders. It was not the rapid intermittent crash of cannon. It was a continuous unbroken roar for sixty hours. How many men died is not known, but this noise of hell, unlike anything ever heard on earth, must have driven thousands insane by the mingled whine roar and shriek. Milton's "Battle in Heaven" would have faintly described the tumult which raged south from Arras through the Argonne.

Miles of trenches were filled and leveled. In places the earth was thrown up as by countless volcanoes. It was not a battle. It was a convulsion of nature. An earthquake has seldom covered such a range of destruction.

That thing which men did there has made the individual seem small. We have not yet heard the story of slaughter and death. Ordinarily that is the point of culminating interest in the story of a battle. But it is hardly so in the case of such titanic conflicts as this one. Later, the number of dead will be learned as a detail which is not now important, for the dead are made up only of the midgets who participated. They are worthy to be viewed, living or dead, only in the mass and not as units. Men seem small and poor and weak in the contemplation of events of such magnitude.

Speculation over President Wilson's chances of re-election will be more profitable after the first session of the coming congress is over. The democrats, it must be remembered, will be in control of both houses, with many grave issues to settle. The last session which was also under democratic control was a disappointment in many respects. The situation will be more difficult next winter, outside of questions that may arise in connection with our foreign relations, because the financial condition of the treasury will bring up the question of revenue again, because there will be a demand for larger appropriations for the army and navy, and because the influence of Mr. Bryan, instead of being exerted to hold the radical element in line with the president's program, will undoubtedly be exerted in the opposite direction. The pro-German element will also have spokesmen in congress. Factional differences in the democratic party might easily be carried so far as to impair very seriously the party's prospects of victory in 1916, under any man's leadership.

WAR BETTER FOR RUSSIA THAN VODKA

There is no reason why a man with an appetite or a habit for alcohol should not lock himself in a room with a bottle of liquor in Petrograd and jingle himself until he sounds like the chiming of St. Isaac's—provided he will set forth the requisite number of rubles for the jangler.

It can be done in Moscow with much less effort and intrigue, and it can be done in every other Russian city; but there is not a place where it can be done except on the sneak—not openly.

And as for vodka—that pale white excitant that tastes like hair oil and burns like carbolic acid—vodka is about eliminated. I assume that a Russian with an uncontrollable thirst for vodka can fill himself to the ears with it if he goes on the job in a thorough manner; but no Russian can hurl it into himself while he is eating pickled fish at the sakuska himself, as in the days of old, and every vodka shop is closed—locked, sealed and closed—locked and sealed for good and all.

No more vodka for Russia or for any portion of the Russian empire. That seems settled. After steeping themselves in this frightful stuff for many years, the Russians have now become most virtuous over their enforced abstinence. They are all much pleased with what they have done—or, rather, with what has been done to them. They quote you facts and figures to show that they are much better off financially, morally, spiritually and economically without it; and though most of them would like to have it, all are glad they cannot get it. This is particularly true of the peasant classes. I talked with a good many soldiers who were vodka consumers before the war, and with some peasants. There was not one of them who does not admit he would be highly gratified to have a bottle of vodka; not was there one who did not say he was in much better case without it and happy over his enforced sobriety.

Drink is a luxury in Russia now. It costs money. The former consumer can not get it because he has not the money. Wherefore he is going without it; and even the dull mind of the Russian peasant and factory worker has a glimmer of understanding that he is the gainer in many ways.

Your Russian is a man of strong beliefs. He always believes in something. Disbelief is not common. If he does not believe in one thing he believes in another. He is passionately for whatever he is passionately for; but negation has no part in his composition. Thus, having had prohibition handed to him, imposed on him by imperial decree, he is now avidly for prohibition. There was a strong temperance movement even before the decree. The evils of vodka were recognized, but the fear of the loss of revenue was paramount. Now, when the thing has been done, the Russians are for it, heart and soul; and there will be some difficulty in opening even beer and wine shops after the war, if that is tried.

During all the time I was in Russia, I saw but one drunken man. He was making unsteady progress on a street in Moscow. The people stopped and stared at him as though he was a freak—and it was less than a year before the time I saw him that drunken men were about as numerous in Russia as sober men.

The present fact is that, after almost a year of no vodka—at the time this is written—Russia is regenerated. Crime has decreased to a great degree. Savings have increased tremendously. Prosperity exists in many places where there were bitter poverty and desolation before. In spite of the tax of the war, its heavy drain on the manhood of the country and its enormous expense Russia at war—as Russia is—is a far stronger Russia, a far more prosperous Russia, a far more livable Russia, a far more civilized Russia, than before the war began and before the prohibition of vodka.—Samuel G. Blythe.

AS USUAL

"Does your wife find anything to talk about?"
"Not a thing. And she talks about it."—Judge.

Uncensored Sense and Nonsense

(By Remlik)

If our law-making statesmen would pause to reflect

And if pomp and vain-glory they should boldly reject

And make SOCIAL laws That would unearth the CAUSE

They would save all the trouble of fighting EFFECT.

Vain-glorious, pompous statesman, it is TRUE. You DARE to talk of capital punishment—of ANY punishment. Who are YOU—guilty yourself—what right have YOU to punish? Come, Statesman—you who live within your party circle—the little CHILD is before you NOW and the principles of Good and of Evil are contending for it—a conflict between fiends and angels.

YOU—who are continually striving in a selfish struggle for pomp; for glory, for power and for place, considering MEN as your tools, instruments of your aggrandizement.

Come, Statesman, and look upon the children of the poor—the images of God in their babyhood! They are grand and noble creatures of Earth, are they not? You, who study all politics except those of the human heart, do you not think these children have solemn natures—that they were sent into this world to DIGNIFY it—to GRACE it? Statesman, CAN you think on these things? There is no spot in the baby flesh before you that indicates a low nature—pomp from his hands it comes. You never think of it. It bears no felon brand. Statesman, There is nothing in these pauper baby-fingers that signifies the THIEF—there is no blasphemy upon these baby lips.

It is—great Statesman—a fair and unselfish thing—fresh from God—from His hands it comes. You never HAVE—now will you make no effort to prevent the Fiend from placing his fiery brand upon this innocent?

Shall vice and misery make it a thing to trade? A creature passed about from street to street—LIVE merchandise for beggary and crime? Statesman—what shall it LEARN? What lessons to help pass it on through life while its soul is awakening? Shall it be made wise by cunning? learn truth by hypocrisy? shall its natural law of self-preservation be theft—sir Statesman?

To this child, thus nurtured, YOUR moral code shall be in figures stranger than Egyptian hieroglyphs. TIME passes. You HANG this creature who was never TAUGHT, for the guilt of KNOWING nothing but BAD. Good has been a sealed book to him, Statesman, and you punish the fool by the ROPE.

Great Statesman, you can prove to us that capital punishment is just—others of you show us that it is wrong. You are wizards as jurists, as bankers, as tariff makers; but the STATESMAN is COMING—He is to come who will have really noble aims—who will show heroic ACTION. He will teach the people and vindicate the vast dignity of MAN. Binger, he will be of great social truths. When this truly GREAT one arises, the young of the poor and the ignorant will no longer be tied upon the threshold of life—made by ignorance and WANT to lead lives of shame—accursed lives. Every unconscious mendicant is a reproach to the state and a scandal and shame upon men who study POLITICS. Mr. Statesman, Our little local statesman (?) will read this and be willing to apply the term Statesman to himself. In this he will err. ALL men have this virtue within them—though seeking pomp and fame, they, in their selfishness, will never be the ones I allude to as those who will ARISE—the strong ones—yet to come. Men who will fight the cause and not the effect—who will kill the serpent by amputating the head instead of the tail.

Nes, Statesman, go on with your self-seeking—your chatter and prat-tell us all about capital punishment—why it is good—why it is bad. Tell us anything that will enable you

Where the People May Have Hearing

A DISCLAIMER

To the Editor of The Republican.

Sir: In your issue of Monday September 27, I notice a poem entitled "There's a Cry from Macedonia" by Mrs. Ada Black. Now as my name is also Mrs. Ada Black, I write this letter for publication not wishing to receive credit for having written a poem when I did not write it. I do not wish to take any honors from the rightful owner. I am the Mrs. Ada Black who lives on the North Park Road near the Madison school and I never wrote a poem. I could not write a poem if my life depended on it; at least I do not think I could do it; I never tried to write one; perhaps I could if I tried, but I do not ever intend to try. I am busy with my work as housewife and have no desire ever to try to write poetry, much as I love to read and enjoy good poetry. I am an admirer of Tennyson, Ingelow, Field, Whittier, Bryant, "Locksley Hall", "The Brook", "Crossing the Bar", etc., are great favorites of mine, and though a lover of fine poetry, still I could not write a poem myself. I believe there must be three Mrs. Ada Blacks in the valley; up until this morning I thought there were two. The Salt River valley certainly seems a populous place, when there are not names enough to go around. Again disclaiming all credit for having written "There's a Cry from Macedonia", and hoping that the laurels will be bestowed on the rightful Mrs. Black, I remain very truly yours.

MRS. ADA B. BLACK,
R. D. 2, North Park Road.

Canada's crop this year is estimated at 250,000,000 bushels.

To hear the delectable sound of your own beautiful voice—you owe it so. Statesman, YOU are not the man for whom we wait. YOU ARE NOT BIG—YOU are a LITTLE MAN.

Co-operation Elsewhere

(Notes from last week's California Cultivator)

The work of organizing the peach growers into a large co-operative organization is progressing satisfactorily.

The Chamber of Commerce is working with peach growers in the neighborhood of Chico in San Bernardino county in the effort to organize a co-operative cannery.

A number of peach growers of Tulare county met recently at Visalia to discuss plans for the establishment of a co-operative cannery in Visalia or Farmersville.

Scores of olive growers representing the groves in the vicinity of Lindsay, Exeter, Porterville and Strathmore, one of the largest olive centers in the state, gathered at Lindsay during the past week for the purpose of joining the new California Ripe Olive Association and discussing ways and means of promoting on a more substantial and profitable basis the ripe olive industry. Considerable enthusiasm marked the progress of the meeting, as the olive growers in this section of the state as well as others are fully cognizant of the fact that effective organized efforts are necessary for many reasons.

A cooperative fruit marketing association has been formed by fruit growers and shippers of Havana. It is to be known as the Cuban Fruit Exchange.

MOUTAINEER SOCIAL—All young people, especially strangers in the city, are invited to attend the "mountaineer social" to be given by the Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Society, tonight. Guests will dress in costumes suitable for such an occasion and be prepared to enjoy a typical, old-fashioned mountaineers' jollification.

(Highest Award, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco)

The Sanitary Removable Front Roll Door Hoosier

Like most wonderful inventions, this new Kitchen Cabinet is so simple that you will wonder why no one discovered it before. Yet makers have experimented for 100 years to produce it. Hoosier triumphs again with the only kitchen cabinet that has roll doors which are sanitary and removable.

No Partitions

Note the entire absence of cubby holes or dirt breeding pockets. As in all Hoosier Cabinets the space of the cupboard is free of partitions. The doors slide in an ingeniously contrived channel which is open and easy to clean. A simple motion removes the doors and a whisk broom or cloth dusts out the channel completely. You will recognize all the other features that make the Hoosier cabinet famous.

This Week for \$1 Cash

WOMEN If you are tired out at night; if your back aches; if you never get through; if you want system in your kitchen. Get a Hoosier on trial tomorrow and see the difference. The Hoosier will amaze you with its saving of time, labor and steps in a single day!

MEN If your wife is not strong, ask your doctor what standing all day in the kitchen means. If you like good meals on time; if you'd rather have your wife with her family in the evening instead of devoting the whole evening to clearing up the supper dishes—buy her a Hoosier—and do it NOW.

A DOLLAR A WEEK quickly pays for it, and it saves its price over and over every year.

Here Are Four Other HOOSIERS to Pick From

The New Hoosier Wonder

at \$9 LESS than standard prices—with aluminum table—and white enamel cupboards.

The New Hoosier Special

midway between the Hoosier Wonder and Hoosier Beauty in convenience—and equal to Hoosier Beauty in size.

The Hoosier Beauty

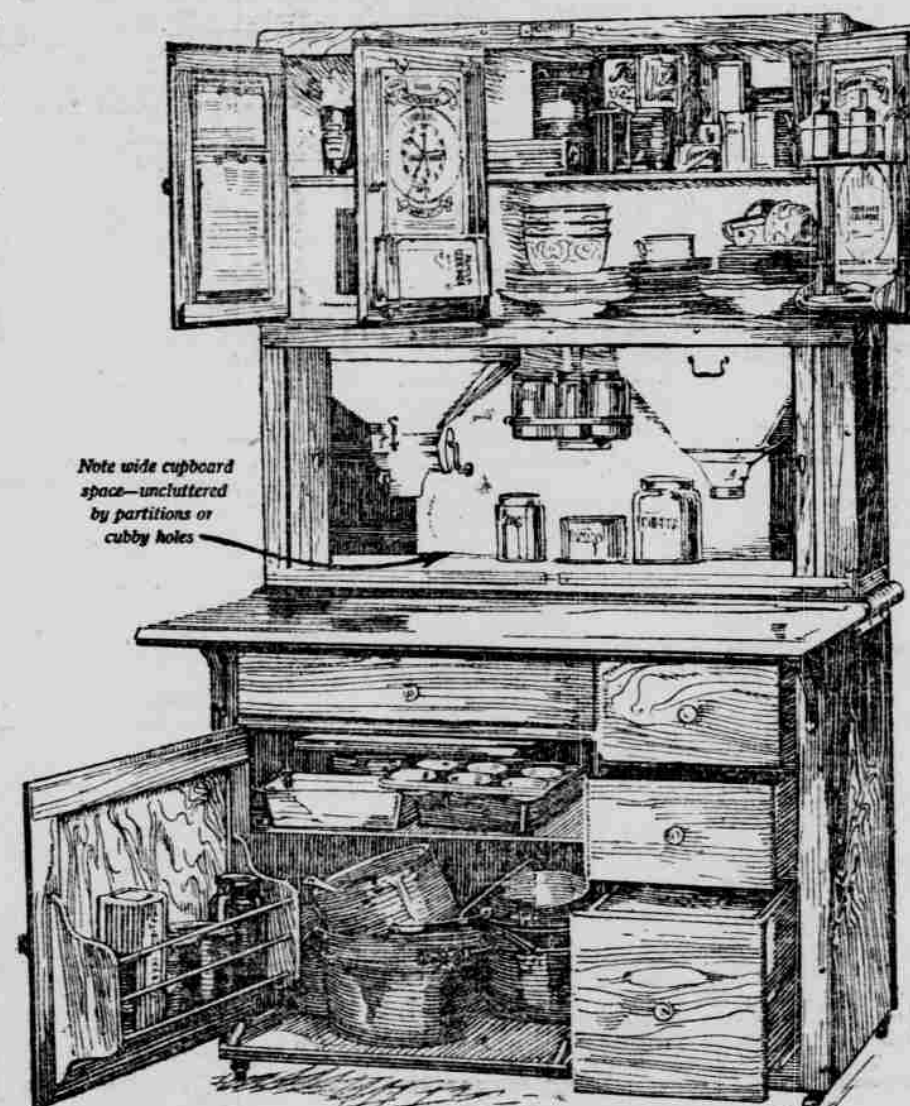
—the National Step Saver; most complete and most practical kitchen cabinet ever made; most popular cabinet in the world.

The New Hoosier De Luxe

—all white enamel inside and out—a kitchen cabinet of remarkable beauty.

One exactly fits your needs, and at a price you can easily pay. The choice of these five Hoosiers on these remarkable terms lasts only until this small lot is sold. Come today early.

Dorris-Heyman Furniture Co., Phoenix, Ariz.



This is the "ROLL DOOR HOOSIER" With the only sanitary, removable roll doors